



My Doll



Bed in Summer



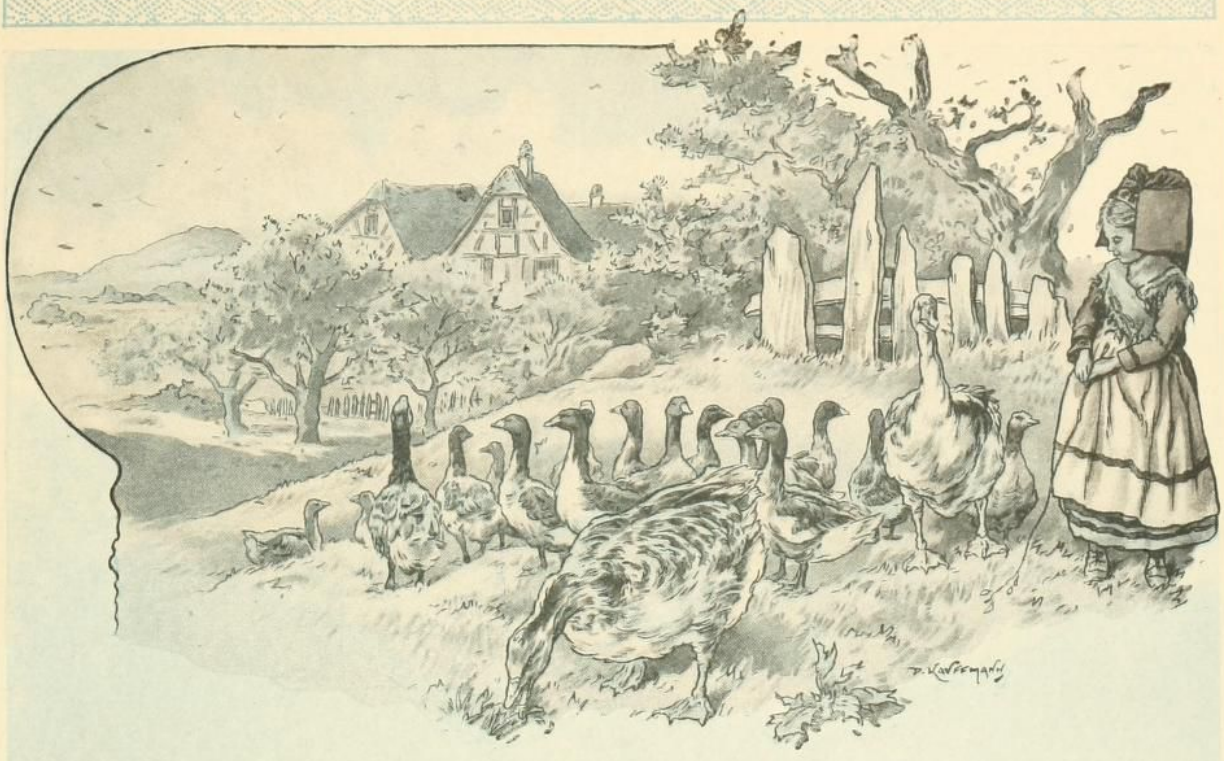
She ran for some distance, turned several times, and then began to be afraid.



LA CAVALCADE DU PFINGSTPFITERI DE PFAFFENHEIM



LA PROCESSION DE LA FÊTE-DIEU A GEISPOLSHEIM



JUILLET

Le *Messti*, ou la *Kilbe*, est attendu avec impatience, les petits en rêvent longtemps d'avance. C'est la fête patronale célébrée le jour du saint qui protège le village.

La jeunesse ayant au préalable choisi un maître des cérémonies, celui-ci s'entoure de lieutenants. Ensemble, ils se mettront à la recherche d'une grande salle où ils organiseront un bal et un festin accessibles aux bourses les plus modestes. Le premier jour de la fête, le garçon d'honneur et ses acolytes s'affublent de petits tabliers blancs brodés, se coiffent parfois de bonnets de coton et donnent le signal : un cortège magistral se forme, la musique du bal en tête, puis le maître des cérémonies, un beau bouquet richement enrubanné sur la poitrine, donnant la main à sa fiancée, ou deux demoiselles d'honneur, parées de leurs plus jolies toilettes. Les lieutenants le suivent chacun tenant à la main une bouteille de vin encapuchonnée d'un verre ; quelquefois les



aux garçons d'honneur. Après quoi les portes de la salle sont ouvertes : les grands s'y précipitent et les petits se répandent sur la place où les appellent les manèges de chevaux de bois, les boniments des loteries, bazars et marchands de pain d'épice. Ils font parler la poudre en tirant des pétards, sautent, rient, chantent et gambadent, attentifs à découvrir le grand-père ou le cousin Fritz qui les régaleront d'un verre de bière avec quelque morceau de *Kugelhopf*.

Le second jour est plus calme, les jambes sont fatiguées, les voix enrouées et, souvent, hélas ! le porte-monnaie vide. Il a fallu imaginer un divertissement peu coûteux : ce sera un grand mannequin bourré de paille qui en fera les frais : on le brûlera au pied du maïe au milieu d'une ronde fantastique. Ou bien, comme au lundi de la Pentecôte, on enchaînera un pauvre innocent dûment rémunéré que l'on douchera à la fontaine et que l'on reconduira se coucher dans son lit. Bonne aubaine pour le miséreux qui ne garde rancune à personne, mais compte ses sous en regrettant qu'il n'y ait qu'une fête par an. L'Alsacien peut avoir quelquefois l'amusement un peu rude, le cœur reste compatissant et bon.





"I am the Witch of the North."

evidently expected her to answer; so Dorothy said, with hesitation,

"You are very kind; but there must be some mistake. I have not killed anything."

"Your house did, anyway," replied the little old woman, with a laugh; "and that is the same thing. See!" she continued, pointing to the corner of the house; "there are her two toes, still sticking out from under a block of wood."

Dorothy looked, and gave a little cry of fright. There, indeed, just under the corner of the great beam the house rested on, two feet were sticking out, shod in silver shoes with pointed toes.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Dorothy, clasping her hands together in dismay; "the house must have fallen on her. What ever shall we do?"

"There is nothing to be done," said the little woman, calmly.

"But who was she?" asked Dorothy.

"She was the wicked Witch of the East, as I said," answered the little woman. "She has held all the Munchkins in bondage for

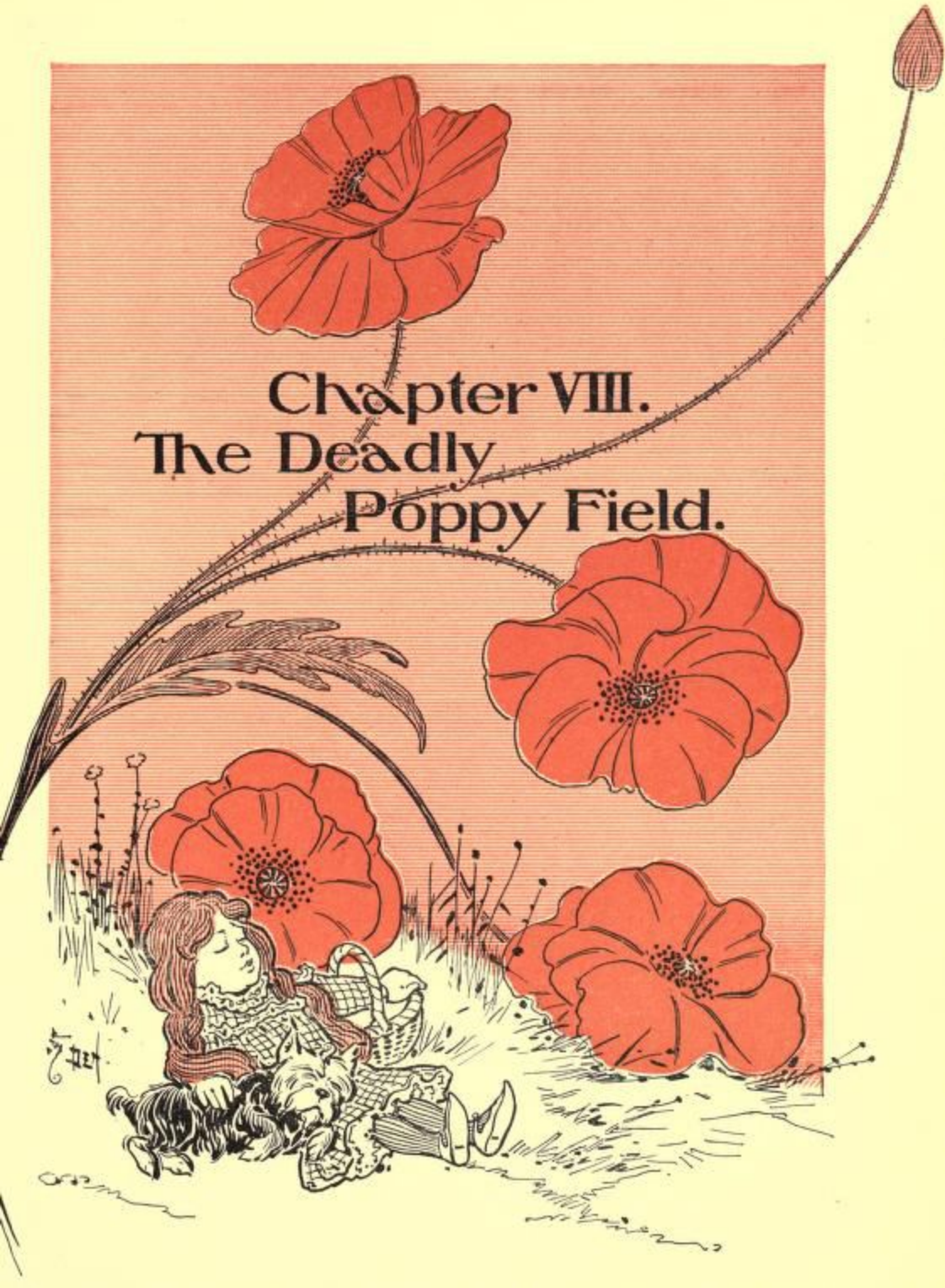




"You must be a great sorceress."



"Dorothy gazed thoughtfully at the Scarecrow."

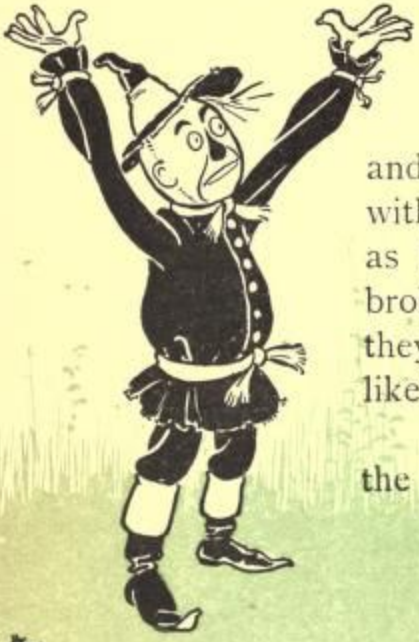

Chapter VIII.
The Deadly
Poppy Field.

When the Wicked Witch looked out again and saw all her crows lying in a heap, she got into a terrible rage, and blew three times upon her silver whistle.

Forthwith there was heard a great buzzing in the air, and a swarm of black bees came flying towards her.

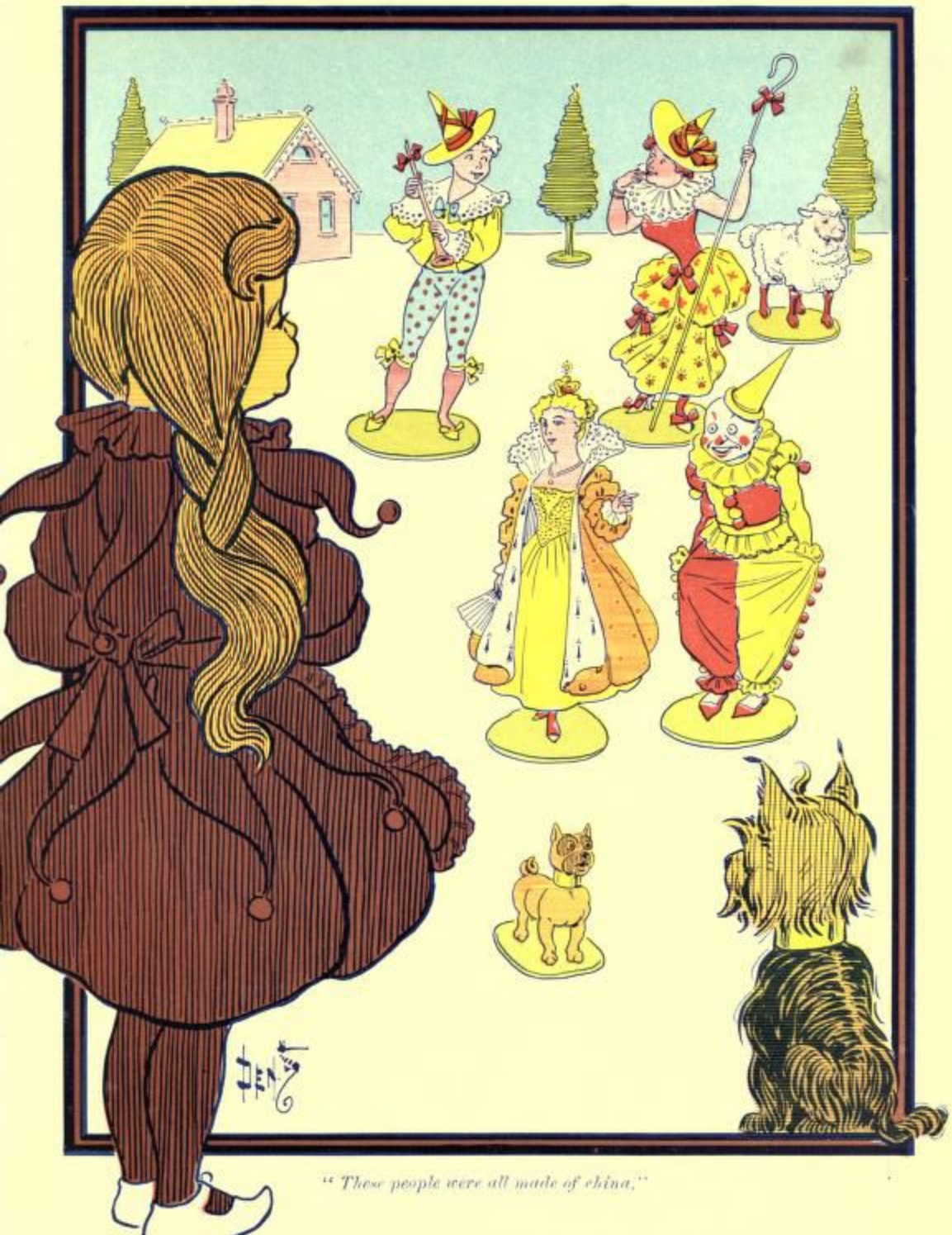
"Go to the strangers and sting them to death!" commanded the Witch, and the bees turned and flew rapidly until they came to where Dorothy and her friends were walking. But the Woodman had seen them coming and the Scarecrow had decided what to do.

"Take out my straw and scatter it over the little girl and the dog and the lion," he said to the Woodman, "and the bees cannot sting them." This the Woodman did, and as Dorothy lay close beside the Lion and held Toto in her arms, the straw covered them entirely.

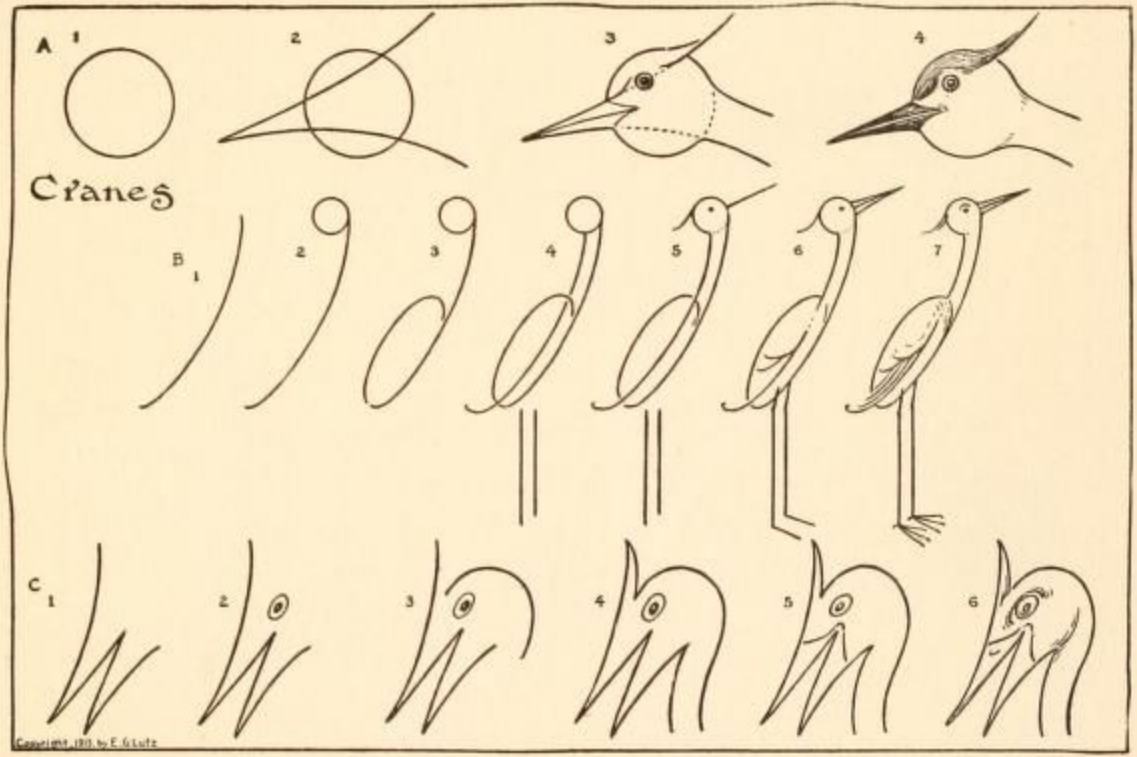


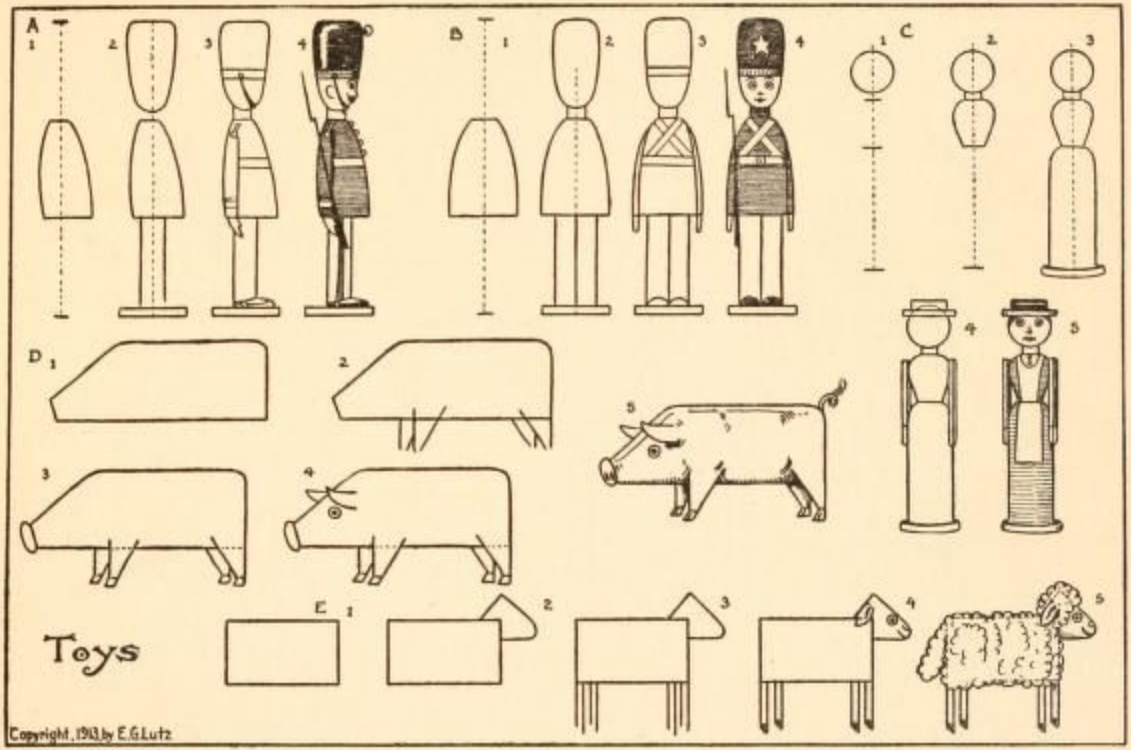
The bees came and found no one but the Woodman to sting, so they flew at him and broke off all their stings against the tin, without hurting the Woodman at all. And as bees cannot live when their stings are broken that was the end of the black bees, and they lay scattered thick about the Woodman, like little heaps of fine coal.

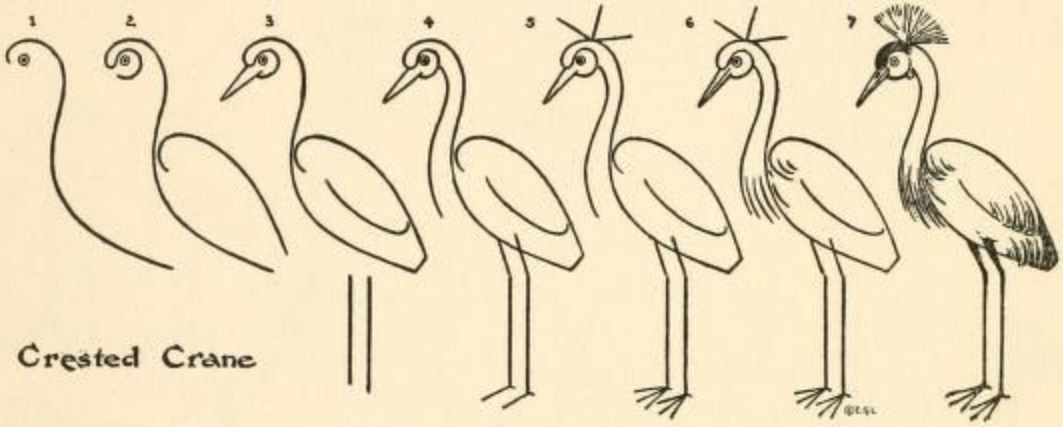
Then Dorothy and the Lion got up, and the girl helped the Tin Woodman put the



"These people were all made of china."


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Cranes
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Crested Crane